

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area No. 1

1940

## YES, WE ARE A RIP-OFF!

Those of you in Manhattan who have just picked this up are no doubt screaming, "Gore Gazette? What a rip-off! Looks like the Sullivans are copying Bill Landis' Sleazoid Express verbatim!" Well, we are and rightly so... Earlier this year, when the ol' S.E. first cropped up around Lower Manhattan, we felt it was the best thing that happened for horror films in the area since WOR started re-playing The Creeping Terror. It was just what the trash connoisseur ordered--reviews of the new horror/sleaze flicks around town and warnings about bombs to avoid. But very slowly, the S.E. began to change--Landis may have begun hanging around with Andrew Sarris, Jonas Mekas or others from that dreaded circle of "lobster" critics--we noticed that his reviews were becoming increasingly critical and unfairly analytical of a genre of films that just don't hold up to that style of criticism and were never made to. Last month when Landis trashed Mothers Day (probably the best gore flick and comedy of 1980) we knew it was all over... How long would it be before the title of this great little rag would change from The Sleazoid Express to The Effite Snob Express?

Determined not to let this happen, we hereby give birth to The Gore Gazette. Dedicated to Bill Landis and the S.E., that once was, we hope to continue the tradition of reporting on the new shock/schlock crop in the area, praising the deliciously disgusting but warning against the many dubbed duds and abysmal abominations that abound to fleece many a horror film fan of his hard-earned \$3.50. But above all--we promise never to take ourselves too seriously and begin to Landisize our scandal sheet.

## EATERS SHINES; DEMON Z-Z-Z-Z

We were somewhat wary of going in to see the double-bill Blood Eaters and Night of the Demon which opened to a scant few area theaters last week. Both the newspaper ads and posters outside the theater suggested that they might be two of those Italian import stinkers (cheap poster art; no cast or credits listed, etc.) Surprisingly, Blood Eaters turned out to be a very GORY, coherently made American quickie. It concerns a gang of outlaw marijuana farmers who get their crop dusted by a top secret, experimental FBI herbicide. This weed killer turns the farmers into zombie-like, blood-starved ghouls who roam the countryside with axes, machetes, knives, and torches butchering and devouring any campers or townsfolk they happen to meet up with. Graphic carve-up scenes and oh-so-awful acting make Blood Eaters one of those rare gems straight out of the I Drink Your Blood mold of a decade ago. Neat surprise: look closely during the film for John Amplas (Martin) who has a small supporting role as a youthful FBI agent. In short, Blood Eaters is great stuff! Not so for its co-feature... Night of the Demon is a re-titled old 1971 film which I do not readily recognize concerning puppy love between a teenage witch and a playboy drifter (played by the oldest-looking adolescent since John Ashley) with strange goings on at her family farm. It got so boring that we left after 1/2 hour, but at the very least it seemed to be a technically OK American-made film. If anyone out there can provide me with the original 1971 title of this flick I will send them a great old horror film still for their trouble. Again, try to catch Blood Eaters while you still can. It was released by an obscure releasing company, so it may not surface again in the area for a long time.

Well, it looks like too much editorializing ate up all the review room this month... We'll be back on Nov. 15 with an all review issue featuring Pale To Black, Schizoid, Motel Hell, and Joe Dante's The Howling. In the interim,